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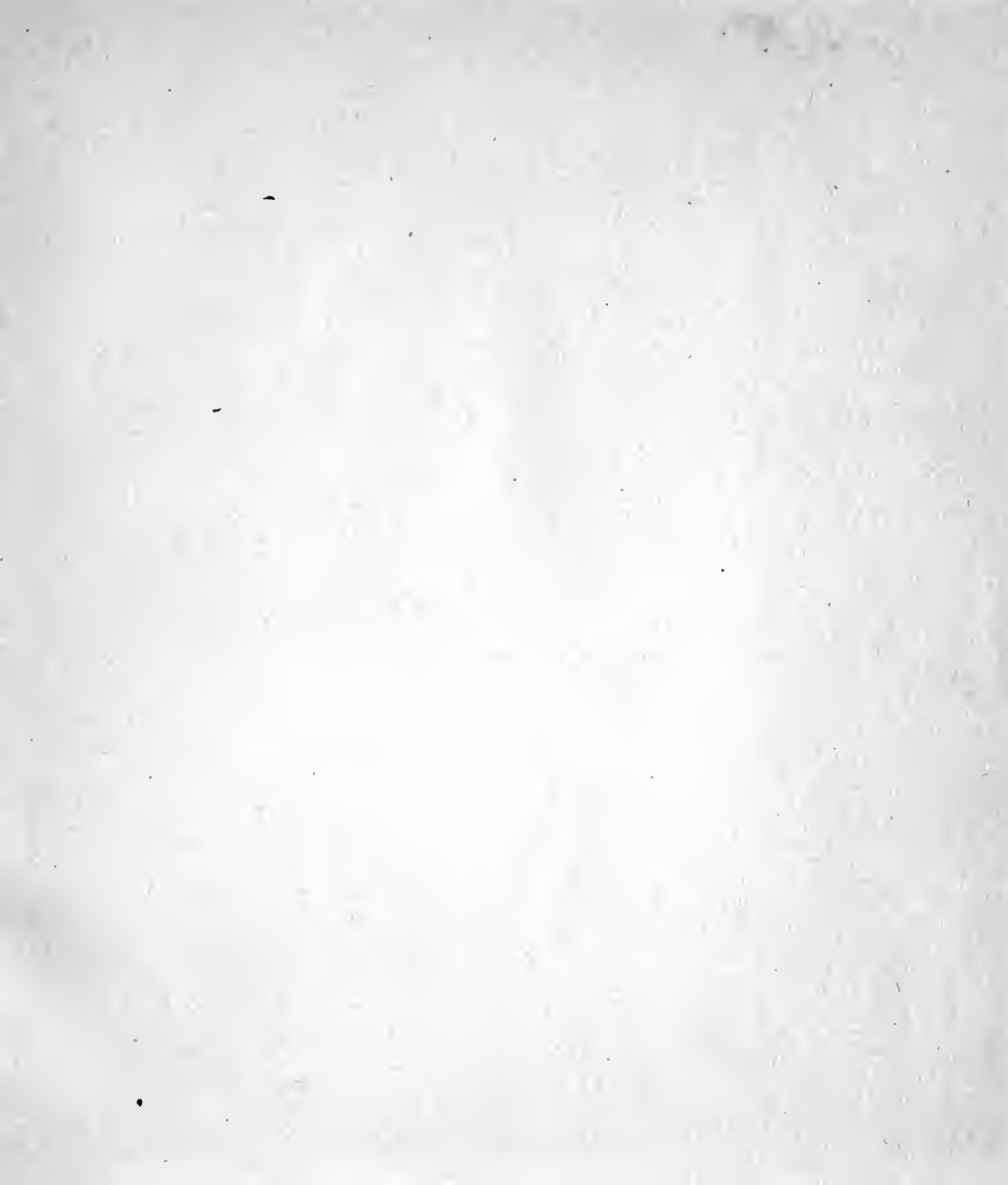
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WALKER OF LIFE

WILLIAM PLATT



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Drama of Life





RAMA OF LIFE

Sonnets and Music

By

WILLIAM PLATT

*Author of "The Staff in Flower," "The Maid Lilies,"
"The Blossoming of Tansy," "London and Londoners,"
"Child Music," etc.*

LONDON

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Dedicated to
My Wife
and to
The Tayport Art Circle
(Stewart Carmichael, Alec. Grieve,
David Foggie, James Douglas ;
and the Memory of
Charles Mills and Frank Laing)

See Sonnet 22.

PREFACE TO THE
SUBSCRIPTION EDITION

THIS edition is being issued for those who are either personal friends or have shown a special interest in my work. I think, therefore, that it is fitting that I should introduce it by a few personal words, a little more intimate than I should write for a general edition.

To dare to be frankly personal is one of the privileges of intimacy. Some of the most charming of private letters are those in which the writer takes it for granted that his own doings will be of real interest to his correspondent, and discourses upon them freely and without apology or any other form of jarring self-consciousness. He will even be forgiven for writing of his grievances if he but present them with sufficient spontaneity.

I take for granted, therefore, your interest in my sonnets. I take for granted that you have realised, before even opening the book, that it is my habit to write about things that move me deeply ; to prize the fine fervour of a strong passion of utterance ; to revise just so far as the respect due to the great masters of literary art seems to demand ; but to beware of spoiling by too much finish that rich, rough flow of unstudied eloquence which comes from a heart which believes in all that it forces the pen to write.

It may possibly be noticed that the only one of the world's supreme artists who is expressly mentioned in these sonnets is Beethoven. That is due not only to his great position in the world of art, but also to the fact that I owe to him a special debt. At that golden moment of youth when a man stands amidst the superb rush of new and as yet unscaled and unplumbed sensations, bewildered by the sudden revelation of his own vitality, I met the work of Beethoven. The sheer passion of his huge heart-beats, his sense of the world as compact of the grandest

mass of supreme emotional experiences, this has sufficed me ever since.

And if you are interested thus far, the following facts, unimportant in themselves, may add to the feeling of friendly unrestraint I hope to find in you.

These sonnets were, for the most part, written in the railway train ; so also was much of the music of both Prelude and Postlude. I find my twenty minute railway journey, morning and evening, to be singularly inspiring. At the very start, the pleasant slope of the cutting, with its sappy young firs and carpet of grass and wild flowers, soothes and freshens me. The Brent valley with its elms and oaks, the mirror-like reservoir, reflecting the moods of her master, the sky, these charm my eye every day. The strong rhythm of the train fascinates me ; the deep steady roar of power and pride from the engine, with its weighty and regular beats, dominates the whole ; but if we listen, every other sound made by the motion of the train is in rhythm with it ; even

the faint fluttering rattle of the window varies, louder or softer, with the pulse of the master-force.

Speed and rhythm transfer themselves to the spirit. Brooding on some much-loved theme, words evolve and then shape themselves into lines, lines link together into sequences, sequences join one another to form a vivid whole.

Sometimes more, sometimes less is done. Perhaps in a very fertile twenty minute ride two sonnets will be roughed out into a bold approach to completeness. Or perhaps only one line will be shaped. Or some strains of vigorous music ; or just one idea in orchestration. All's one to the artist ; be it much or little, he is content with the pace at which his work moves ; for at the back of creative ecstasy there is a deep something that is very strong and very calm. And thus he does the work that it was his to do.

WILLIAM PLATT

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"Is Life Enough?"

(See Sonnet 48)

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*Consisting of 56 Sonnets divided into Six Sections
as follows :—*

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MUSICAL POSTLUDE

"Life is Enough!"

(See Sonnet 51)

IS LIFE ENOUGH?

PRELUDE.

"IS LIFE ENOUGH?"

NOTE.—The Composer fully believes that the light and shade indicated in any given piece are only general directions, and that all expressive music demands something fuller than any possible markings of *f* and *p*.

Foco a. l'agio.

PIANO. *p* Oboe & 2 Clars.

Clars. & Bsn. *p rall.*

Adagio molto espress.
Strings.

Violas. *mp*

cres. poco.
1st Vlns.

dim.

mp
Cellos.

dim.

8ves.

pp 1st Vlns.

p 1st Violin solo.

cres. poco.

dim.

L.H.
W. Wind.

R.H.

The Orchestral score of this Prelude may be borrowed from the Composer.

mp

R. H.

Cello solo.

cras. e accel.

Poco adagio.

pp Brass. Horns. Wind.

TUTTI.
No Brass except Horns.

f Maestoso.

Sves.....

Tpt.

Wind.

Strings.

Sves.....

TUTTI.

No Brass except Horns.

dim. L. H. *f* *cras.*

Clar. & Bassoon.

ff *mp* *cras.*

Strings.

Horn.

Tutti. *f*

Strings. *f sempre.*

Wind.

Strings.

Wind.

Oboes, Clars., Horns. *f sempre.*

Strings.

Sva.....

Sva.....

Sva.....

loco.

Poco Allegro. ♩ = ♩ *del poco adagio (a discrezione).*
Con gran vigore ma non troppo presto.

Strings.

Strings & Wind.

mf *f*

f *rall. molto espres.*
Horns.
p subito. p
Bassoon. Tromb. *pp*
rall.
Drum-roll *pp* on C.

Trumpet. *pp* Flutes.
Brass very soft. Clar. *rall.* *p*
Bassoon.

Tempo primo del poco adagio.

Strings. *cres. molto.* Strings & W. Wind. *cres.* *f* Strings, W. Wind, Horns.

Notes in brackets may be omitted with a view to simplification.

Adagio molto espres. loco, muted strings. Oboe.

Flute. *8va.*.....

Tbone. *ppp rall. ad lib. molto espres.* *pp*

cres. poco. *dim.* *con 8vi.*.....

Clarinet. *1st Vins.* *dim.*

pp rall. poco. *1 Dble bass solo above.* *2 'Celli soli below.* *cres. poco.*

8 8 8 Horns.

Clar. *dim.* *D.B. & 'Celli.* *p*

Horns.. *Strings & W. Wind.*

Poco Allegro con gran vigore.

Strings & W. Wind. *cres. molto.* *f* Brass. *ff sempre con vigore.* Brass.

con 8vi......

Strings & W. Wind.

First system of musical notation for Strings & W. Wind. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting line in the lower staff. A dynamic marking *con svi.* is present at the beginning of the lower staff. The word **TUTTI.** is written above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

con svi......
TUTTI.

Second system of musical notation for Strings & W. Wind. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music continues from the first system. The word **Strings & W. Wind.** is written above the top staff at the beginning. The word **Strings & W. Wind. Horns.** is written above the bottom staff towards the end of the system.

Strings & W. Wind. **Strings & W. Wind. Horns.**

Third system of musical notation for Brass and Bassoons. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting line in the lower staff. The word **Brass.** is written above the top staff at the beginning. The dynamic marking *ff sempre.* is written below the top staff. The word **TUTTI.** is written above the top staff towards the end of the system. The word **Bassoons.** is written below the bottom staff towards the end of the system, with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3'.

Brass. *ff sempre.* **TUTTI.** **Bassoons.** 3

Fourth system of musical notation for Horns. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting line in the lower staff. The word **Horns.** is written above the top staff at the beginning. The dynamic marking *dim.* is written above the top staff towards the end of the system. A triplet of eighth notes in the lower staff is marked with a '3'.

Horns. 3 *dim.*

Adagio molto espres.
Strings & Oboes.

Flute & Strings.

Fifth system of musical notation for Bassoon and Clarinet. It consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting line in the lower staff. The word **Basn.** is written above the top staff at the beginning. The dynamic marking *p* is written below the top staff. The word **Clar.** is written above the bottom staff towards the end of the system. The dynamic marking *cres. poco a poco.* is written below the bottom staff. A triplet of eighth notes in the lower staff is marked with a '3'.

p **Basn.** 3 **Clar.** *cres. poco a poco.* 3

Canon marcato.

Oboes & Strings. *Sua.....*

cres. accel. poco cres.

loco. Tpts.

f Strgs., W. Wind, Horns. *ff accelerando.*

3 Trombones.

Strings, W. Wind, Horns. *Con 8vi.....*

f a tempo solenne.

3

Strings & W. Wind.

Con 8vi.....

Brass. *accel. ad lib.*

mf cres. molto.

Con 8vi.....

Brass only.

f cres.

ff accel. ad lib.

rall. molto.

fff TUTTI.

8 8 8 8 8 8

The Orchestral score of this Prelude may be borrowed from the Composer.

LIFE IN MASS

Drama of Life



ASSION and pathos, love, hate, grandeur, sin,
 Ev'ry extreme in ev'ry compound blent
 Dazzles the eyes of him who looks within

The heart of Man, and straightway is intent
 To study all the wondrous gospel there.

An endless study and a deep delight,
 From 'neath convention's trappings to lay bare

The soul, and feel its sanity and might.
 Well might we live for this and nothing more ;

Just to discover Man in his estate ;
 With tense emotion thrilling to the core,
 Meet for the highest or the humblest fate.

O human soul ! Thee truly to have known
 And truly loved, were better than a throne !

Life and Youth



HE youth in fancy meditates on life,
 As dreaming maidens meditate on love ;
 Not knowing what awaits in this tense strife
 Of good and ill ; e'en as a new-fledged dove
 Knows not the hawk, nor her own strength of wing ;
 Just as young wives know not the travail stern,
 Nor yet the great rich joy the child will bring.
 In school as in a swimming-bath we learn ;
 When we adventure on the raging Sea
 Time after time on our full length we're flung ;
 Fierce is the struggle, happy still are we,
 Though the bent back with pebbly hail is stung.

O youth and maid, still shuddering on life's brink,
 Life is more grand and desperate than ye think !

III

A Verdict



ALM lay the dead ; his share of heat all spent ;
Just a mere wilful, ordinary man.

His wife stood by, her grief more eloquent

Because no tear across her pale cheek ran.

The friends passed in, they had no word to give her ;

When hearts would speak, words are too seldom rife ;

What could they say that could one pang relieve her ?

Just a mere loving, ordinary wife.

At last one came and gazed upon his friend,

And looked again upon the woman there ;

He knew their life, its modest scope and end ;

Just a mere struggling, ordinary pair.

He knew their faults, their strife, their love and bliss ;

He sighed ; then said "How beautiful he is."

IV

familiar Things



FAMILIAR things, how they increase in beauty !
The rose, and woman's bosom never tire us ;
Fantastic things pall on us. Simple duty,
The needful daily round, these still inspire us.
The wife of honeymoon is not so dear
In her glad radiance as when she hath past
In loving wifehood many a blissful year,
And each day swells the joyous store of the last.
The tender intimate things of life are dearest ;
The flow'rs next our own doorstep we love best ;
Great men are greatest to their very nearest ;
In homeliness is our true self expressed.

Call ye him Hero who one loud scene plays ?
What call ye him who's brave through life's dull days ?

Pollen



HE air is rich with perfume ; everywhere
 The flowerets' glow makes sweet the ways of
 life ;
 The needful Mystery infects the air ;
 With warm fertility each breath is rife.
 The pollen seeks the chalice ; the decree
 Of God rules o'er the hillside and the vale ;
 Hark to the eager murmurings of the bee ;
 See how the stress makes the chaste lily pale.
 Be glad, O Man, the harvest still is sure ;
 Nature is fertile, Nature loves increase ;
 The pollen's miracle must still endure ;
 Time's self shall die before the seed shall cease.

Now is the moment ; at this very hour
 The Mystery thrills deep each life-swept flower.

VI

The Generations



HERE, where the folk are all on holiday
The roll of generations is well seen.
Watch those bright youngsters merrily at play
With their grand-parents ; note the tender mien
Of mothers and of fathers with their young ;
Then unto those rapt couples turn an eye
Who by love's burning darts are keenly stung
To mating and increase. A century
Shall pass, and not one soul of these remain.
Yea, but Love's harvest, ever reaped and sown,
Shall give us all our losses back again,
Sap of our very sap, bone of our bone.

All in a bed of down Man's future lies ;
Love shall awake her, kissing her soft eyes.

VII

Abundance



THE elements of beauty and of force
In life, so inexhaustible, so rich ;
The infinite variety, resource ;
The never-ending bold surprises which
Sustain our drama and arouse our souls. . . .
O, how can I express it ! While I gaze,
Amazement on amazement freshly rolls
With dazzle and bewilderment ablaze !
I, like a stammering, overwhelmed child
Lost in the glamour of a million toys,
Know that life's store of wonder, mountain-piled,
Beggars my words, makes silent my weak voice.

Joy, laughter, madness, work, crime, hate, love, tears,
Astounding life makes mock of our grey fears.

VIII

Acceptance



THOU deathless, boundless God, Thy pageant
world

With tense, awe-smiting contrast is illumed ;
From dark to light with equal passion hurled ;

Life warmed by fire, yet in that fire consumed.

The cornfield draws its strength from Earth and air,

Eager as mother's milk, our needs to quench ;
But storm, drought, earthquake, lay Earth's bowels bare,

The breast is milkless, our weak lips unclench.
Then Man himself, heir both to sky and dust,

These strenuous extremes intensifies ;
Merciless, mad, the fury of his lust,

Yet for his friend, his cause, he fights, he dies.

Thus is God's drama ; thus its matchless force.

We bow, we atoms sprinkled in His course.

LIFE IN ASPECTS

IX

Sin



THE best can not live sinless ; and the worst
By many an act of goodness is redeemed.
Some secret sin each in himself hath cursed ;
The lowest wretch in moments fair hath dreamed
Of a new Heaven and new earth unrolled
Before the eyes of hope and faith and him ;
The dullest sky hath somewhere dawn's bright gold ;
True is the utterance of the Cherubim :—
Holy the God Who made us ; holy all ;
Holy each birth and every lovers' tryst ;
Holy the eternal moment of the fall,
Needing the ceaseless sacrifice, the Christ !

The grandeur of the struggle, lose or win,
Grows from our strong black adversary, Sin.

Work



AND we are stripped for labour . . . Good, O
good !

The brain alert, the muscles swinging free
Work is the cure for every sullen mood ;

Joy is a door, and travail holds the key.

"I can achieve," a motto sweet and great :

In sweat and toil and anguish, "I achieve."

"I can achieve," then I have mastered fate ;

To do is still the best way to believe.

Work thou art good ; work in whatever form,

Blacksmith or goldsmith, artist, athlete, wife

The sailor has no time to fear the storm

That frights the passenger for very life.

Light me to work, thou glorious daily sun ;

Death, be a laggard till my work is done.

Science



Each day extends our knowledge, yet withal
 Gives us to know our ignorance the more.
 With ceaseless toil we climb one mountain
 wall,

To find the mountain higher than before.
 See yonder peak a school-boy now can scale ?
 The man who climbed it first, climbed it alone !
 Now from its very summit we can hail
 A ring of virgin heights, before unknown.
 There is no limit to the mind or soul ;
 There is no bound to Man's great upward trend ;
 Then bravely through the boundless mighty whole
 Extend we power and knowledge, ever extend.

Thus every day may Man still higher rise,
 To find still wider visions greet his eyes.

XII

Art



THE foundry's glow pierced night and murk and mist ;

Two strong, lithe flames leapt up into the air,
Then bent to one another, and then kissed.

The soul of Man would choke in dull despair
Were not some instinct in him, whereby he
To other men that soul's cry might impart.
When Man's creative force grows full and free,
Becomes most human, then we call it "Art."
In vain the critic seeks with rules to bind it,
Saying "It must be moral,"—"Must obey
The laws of beauty;" spite of all we find it
Free as the winds which go their wilful way.

Art is your brother's need of speech to you ;
Let but that speech to his own heart be true.

XIII

Time and friendship



TIME is an Ocean, strewn with many wrecks ;
The child sits by its edge, and shouts with joy
Across its wide expanse, and never recks
That Titan's dangerous strength, whom he'll employ
To overflow his trenches in the sand.
Each wave in turn he orders to retreat
And it obeys ; leaving the yellow strand
With shells less dainty than his little feet.
Time and the Sea are pastimes to the child ;
And when he reaches Man's prerogative,
And knows how both are wanton, cruel, wild,
He minds him still the pleasures they can give.

O friend, O comrade, Time hath given me
The joy of my full friendship unto thee.

XIV

Man and fate.



'EN as a little boy with saucy lip,
Who with pert words and deeds provoking
stands,
Stirring some much-tried dame to chase and grip
And trounce the lode-stone of her wrathful hands,
So Man tempts Fortune. Though her smile be kind,
He will not rest content, but with rash mood
And graceless flouting of her friendly mind
He goads the goddess till he flies, pursued
By her aroused ire ; him soon she seizes
And on the ivory tablets makes her score,
The tally of her rage ; but when time eases
His smart, he is no wiser than before.

Lives there a man or lad or little boy
Who doth not revel in such dangerous joy ?

Tears



TEARS, fears and doubtings, anguish of the
soul,

Ye are not absent, nor shall ever be ;
Long, long as Man with this sweet Earth shall roll,

Still shall he blend pale grief with ecstasy.

Proud-humble Man, in his sad-glad estate,

With varying emotion rounds his days ;

Loving, yet often blundering with his mate,

Tender at heart-deep, e'en when anger sways.

As full of contradictions as of pluck ;

Most foolish always when most logic claiming ;

Boasting of reason when most passion-struck ;

Yet dear beyond all praising and all blaming !

Hope shines behind the blackest of our fears ;

Our joys are made the brighter by our tears.

XVI

Contrition



CONSCIOUS of many sins, denying none,
Penitent, bowed before mine own ideals
As one who 'gainst them many things hath
done.

That should not have been done ; cut by the wheels,
The knife-edge wheels of mine own Juggernaut ;
Bared before God, and by mine own soul scourged,
Yet in my very anguish comes the thought
That I shall sin again when thereto urged
By mine own wantonness ; and this concept
Gives me not shame alone, but some strange sense
Of triumph ; as if sin's wild tempest swept
Man's life to heights more grand and more intense.

The fullest grain hath not the least of bran ;
Sin if thou must : but sin thou like a MAN.

XVII

Divination



THE Priest of old, red-handed, stern of eye,
Into the vitals of the victim slain,
Peered, and each quiver noted, greedily ;
Thus, knowledge of Man's fate he claimed to gain.
We have made progress. Victims of to-day
Are not on ruthless altars reft of life ;
Man's greed, lust, cruelty he must allay
By private wiles, and not by priestly knife. :
The end's the same. The sweated, whipped, down-trodden,
(Like her on whom alone falls double shame)
Though harlot, pauper, criminal, drink-sodden,
All silently the old grim truth proclaim :—

Man's fate and future quick and quivering lies
In the bared entrails of the sacrifice.

Despair and Brotherhood



INTO the dreadest cave of unbelief
I will descend with thee, if thou dost suffer
And find'st no comfort for thy bitter grief;
I will curse God with thee, with curses rougher
Than thou dar'st use thyself; if thou'lt despair,
And wilt not listen to my words of hope
I'll despair with thee; every pang to share
Of dungeon, pillory, scourge, rack and rope.
If Hell there be, that Hell we all must enter,
Brothers together, Christ by Judas' side;
Upon thy heart, my heart must ever centre;
We are conjoined, as bridegroom unto bride.

Then when thou seest what brothers all men are,
Comes there not to thy dark a little star?

LIFE IN INSTANCES



farm Life



THE homely farm, well-built of warm red stone,
 The dignified old farmer and his wife ;
 The farmer's sons, for stalwart manhood
 known ;
 The daughters, with their busy, thrifty life,
 Chaste, cheery maids, well fit for wifehood's vows,
 These rule the picture. To the farm-yard turn ;
 Here's healthy, fertile stock. The patient cows,
 Absolute subjects to their monarch stern ;
 The dull dependent sheep, the untiring dog ;
 The baby pigs, with silky skins and fair,
 The sow with beauteous teats, the lustful hog ;
 The merry foal and docile, shapely mare.

Reigning o'er all is Man's commanding brain ;
 Yet behind all, the plenteous grass and grain.

Dog and Wolf



THE wind-swept prairie onward rolls and melts
In the far sky. The herds are breeding,
thriving ;
Keen dogs with faithful hearts 'neath shaggy pelts
Keep the grim wolf from his unholy living.
Ceaseless the feud between these kindred foes ;
Yet by the mysteries of beating hearts,
There are dog-Juliets, and wolf Romeos,
Whose wanton and forbid caress imparts
Such a wild splendid vigour to their litter,
Such a new restless force to their strong brood
As makes us wonder which is really fitter,
To be part wild, or to be all too good.

Dog, Wolf, and Man their own set parts fulfil,
Their small wills merging in Life's Infinite Will.

Big Ships and Small



ALL in a happy mood of holiday,
I and my comrade dear, my boy of nine,
Went forth upon a boat that steamed its way
Warily, in a broken, salt-drenched line
Down a broad firth where waves with winds contended.
How the boy laughed at every toss and pitch!
A bath of sea-spray seemed to him "just splendid;"
Each quake, each risk of sandbank he made rich
With laughter; merry while the others grumble
"The skipper is not qualified"—"The boat
Is mere old metal"—"How her engines rumble!"
The master steers his course, nor cares a groat.

We love big ships; but he too makes his mark
Who brings to port his battered, clumsy barque.

An Art Circle



ACTING and inter-acting on each other ;
 Speaking and inter-speaking, each to each ;
 Linked in their lives as brother unto brother,
 Oft with fraternal bluntness in their speech,
 Thus live the circle that I know so well.
 They grind each other's art to finer edge
 As mutual hopes they rouse, spur, damp and quell ;
 To help and hinder is their privilege ;
 And both the help and hindrance make for goal.
 A varied diet doth our spirit need ;
 Good, bad, praise, blame . . . behind all grows the soul.
 Hail to the circle ; Comrades all, God-speed !

Though only one might climb the peak of fame,
 The names of all should still stand near his name.

Beethoven



UCH more than Music, Ludwig, didst thou
send us ;

Thine art, but also thine own self the gift ;

Behind thy haunting strains, the power tremendous

Of rich, strong art, we feel the grand uplift

Of that swift mighty spirit that explored

For us all depths and heights of joy and woe ;

Who gave to us his soul's great, priceless hoard

Sun-like, to warm us with pervading glow.

He wore himself in wrestling with the intense ;

He gave his body, and he gave his blood.

We bathe in his emotion, sheer, immense ;

Rise pure, strong, glad, from that re-newing flood.

Great art demands a great life interwoven ;

Great manhood taught great music to Beethoven.

Town Life



NEAR where a river merges in the sea
 I stroll and crunch the pebbles 'neath my feet,
 Noting their infinite variety,
 The miles they must have travelled, here to meet
 A thousand diff'rent geologic stages
 Their multi-colored products here compare
 Where granite from the pre-historic ages
 Jostles odd chips of modern earthenware !
 Ribbons of fading seaweed cling to some,
 And slacken not their hold, though slowly dying.
 The Ocean's storm and scour and swirl and strum
 Have ground, then tossed them where they now are
 lying.

A town is nothing but a pebbly strand
 Where men are flung by Fate's capricious hand.

On a Poster



JUST a mere poster stuck upon a wall,
 And yet it needs must ravish our attention ;
 These are its words :—" I will stick up for all !"

O what a rare and beautiful contention !
 Censorious folk, here passing, should be struck,
 Like king Belshazzar, in a guilty sweat ;
 Have we condemned our brothers, run amuck
 In scandal 'mid foes, friends and neighbours, yet
 Have our own lives been just as kin to shame ?
 Have we traced guilty lusts in others' eyes
 Forgetting that our lids veil equal blame ?
 " I will stick up for all." 'Tis good ; 'tis wise.

Poster, my thanks. I'll own my heart beats quicker,
 Though thou art but a pun of our bill-sticker.

At a Railway Station



IFE with romance is full and brimming over ;
Each hour, each moment hath its thrill and cue;
Full of sweet bloom is every field of clover,
And honey-loving creatures search it through.

Look deep ; you'll find romance in every place

Yon railway-lad, built like a Greek Apollo,
Casts eager looks at that fair lady's face ;

His careless grace her furtive glances follow

She's rich, he's poor, all's over ; but that glance

Is not forgotten ; life is richer for it.

Our homespun's shot with threads of such romance ;

Our mind's a hive ; with honey sweet we store it.

Rosy romance our larger life is filling ;

And with her scent our passing breaths are thrilling.

LIFE'S WOMEN

Woman



RELATIVE mystery ; Man's ecstasy ;
 Highest and lowliest, handmaiden and Queen ;
 Saviour and sinner ; life's epitome ;

Wildest of wild things, calmest of serene.

Primitive Man two tasks hath first essayed :—

To bend both Fire and Woman to his will.

Greater and greater progress Man hath made,

Yet Fire and Woman both defy him still !

The glow o' the hearth means home and all home joys ;

The burning house fills stricken hearts with terror ;

The forest fire first kisses, then destroys ;

The beacon saves the wanderer from his error.

O Man ! When wilt thou learn to understand
 That Fire and Woman still out-match thy hand ?

XXVIII

Marriage



LOVE thee ; 'tis a message old and sweet ;
The older, still the sweeter, O my love.
Thou lovest me ; this utterance, dear, repeat ;
Tireless the iteration of our love.
I need thee to perfect my manly force ;
Is not that need a beauteous loving token ?
Thou needest me ; thy womanly life-course
In me completes ; our lives in halves were broken
Were we to part. But while thus far is good,
Our bonny babes are our best, foremost blessing ;
These from our love draw their strong vital food ;
These to our virgin hearts gave mandates pressing.

The World gains men because I so love thee ;
Our love and joy both serve Eternity.

XXIX

Home



THE wilful plucky manhood of the father,
Made greater, purer by the power of love ;
The winsome faithful wifehood of the mother,
Made deeper, grander by the spell of love ;
These three dimensions, length and breadth and height,
Build up the home, and build it true and square.
The joyful, busy day and fragrant night
Pour blessings down ; and lovely things are there,
Toys, baby-cots, and boys' and girls' young laughter ;
The home is thus the fitting breeding place
For women, men and heroes ; Love, the grafter,
Of soft-rose upon wild-rose, works this grace.

In sweetest home we nestle ere our birth ;
May we as sweetly lie in Mother Earth !

XXX

Passion



LOVE is not tame, nor birth ; the fields in spring
Glow with a rapture that's expressed in beauty ;
Unto conception comes no living thing
Unless some live spark fires the needful duty
That brings light out of darkness, life from fate ;
For virtue knows more throb and thrill than vice.
Keen is the fierce flash in the eyes of hate ;
With beating heart the gamester throws the dice ;
But love, with all its magic faith hot glowing,
And visions high of passionate purity,
Is still the greatest force of life's bestowing,
Is still its maddest, sanest ecstasy.

Spirit of Man, tense be thy mortal striving ;
No blasphemy of tameness mar thy living !

A Working Woman



HE'S down upon her knees ; her body leaning
Part on one hand, while swift the other goes
With bold sure strokes about her doorstep-
cleaning ;

Absorbed in labour, she. Her swinging pose
Attracts our glance. To beauty's ballroom figure

She lays no claim. Her bosom's matronly ;
Her flanks and quarters have a buxom vigour ;

A strong ripe wench. Her open face, clear eye,
Are honest. On her shapely fore-arm, bare,

We see tattooed in letters firm and bold
"True love to Thomas Clarke." We gladly share
The bliss that frank avowal doth unfold.

The world needs lives so simple, strong and straight ;
Joy and brave babes be thine, from thy staunch mate.

Wantons



WHETHER we think of her whose beauty
stands

Displayed in Troy's fierce frame of gold
and red ;

Or of that queen who, at her cousin's hands,
Paid both for Darnley's death and Bothwell's bed ;
Or of Nile's empress, Antony's death-rapture ;
Or, in our time, of that dark royal bride
Who, paying the grim price of sin and capture,
Wrecked the stern Zulu nation when she died ;
Whether 'tis public or 'tis private case,
Still may we see the drawn and writhing prey
At wanton beauty's dainty gallows-place ;
Hold her who can and will, escape who may.

All men have known her since the world began ;
God made her ; I'll not judge her ; I'm a man.

A Quiet Maid



IN the swift railway train she sat and knitted,
 Changing its rush to peace. Her mouth and
 eyes

Were soft and true; her well-marked figure fitted

For all that Woman's fullest life implies.

Silent and busy, and to me unknown,

Yet clearly was her worth as real and modest

As was her bosom's beauty, veiled, yet shown

By favour of a sigh, though trimly bodiced.

So ripe for life, with all her daintiness;

So dainty-sweet, throughout her working mood,

Can a man look on such and not confess

The up-lifting charm of quiet womanhood?

Deft maid, mine eyes were glad in noticing

Upon thy hand a neat engagement ring.

XXXIV

A Man's Woman



N every mood love should be known by thee
The whole of Womanhood glow in thy veins.
Be Eve of Paradise, yet Eve when she
Was drunk with learning of love's needs and pains.
Love thou with softness, raptly, tenderly,
Yet know swift love that burns for satisfaction ;
Love as all women can, unselfishly,
Yet with primeval hunger of attraction.
Chaste as Lucrece unto thy marriage vows,
Yet show thy mate such passion as consumed
The vitals of maimed Potiphar's fierce spouse ;
To love with all thy being be thou doomed.

He who made human love hath made it thus.
Deny not truth. Pray for thyself—and us.

The Home Woman



HER lips are love ; her bosom, peace ; her eyes,
Slow to condemn, are quick to see and aid ;
Her voice can both delight and sympathize,
But not complain ; nor would it e'er persuade
Save in such things as Woman knoweth best.

Laughter she loves, and little children run
Unto her motherly arms and fragrant breast.

Ev'ry man likes her ; but she chooses one
For that full love that is beyond all other ;

His is the sacred right of fatherhood
Unto her babes. She is a happy mother,
Looks on young life and sees that it is good.

She could not be a saint if saints be cold ;
Love thrills her bosom to its inmost fold.

A Kiss



WO rosy apples, hanging from one stalk ;
And yet betwixt the two a gleam of fire ;
Two round-backed ponies, with a stately walk,
Linked to the chariot of just desire ;
And when the master, stern, applies the goad,
With sweet confusion yet with perfect grace
The merry ponies haste their loving load.
Look now around ; this is the holy place
Where love and faith and triumph send deep roots
Into the strong Earth's recreative womb.
Taste of the tree ; enjoy her juicy fruits,
While the soul's wings are growing, plume by plume.

The fertile flow'r sweet honey must exhale ;
The fertile soul hath joy that shall not fail.

LIFE'S CHILDREN

Creative Love



AM the fuel and the fire art thou ;
 THOU art the fuel and the fire am I ;
 Thus each in turn knows the deep need of

now

Which serves dim centuries of bye-and-bye.
 Thus out of passion, life, and out of life,
 Passion again ; and ever on and on
 The stream of souls flows to the mingled strife
 And triumph of the Universe ; out-shone
 Are all the suns of yesterday, whose light
 Pales before ours, as ours in turn will pale.
 The upward path, the ever noble fight,
 The long-drawn victory that cannot fail.

O love creative ! Thy fierce majesty
 Towers to the heights of ideality.

Motherhood



UTY and rapture in creative power ;
Achievement and delight in self-same guise.
Eternity was wrapped into an hour,
And Sex became co-eval with the Skies,
Then Life new dawned ; O sweetest of content !
So much encompassed in so little space ;
The babe-life, race-life, mother-life, all blent,
Man's destiny in one dear baby-face.
Joy of the flow'r, because it is the seed,
Joy of the flesh because it is the soul,
Joy of our blood and spirit which thus speed
Through distant generations countless roll.

"My bosom's babe," saith Mother-ecstasy,
"My might and wisdom are summed up in thee."

Birth



THE new-born babe utters his plaintive wail .
Another life to taste life's mystery !
Now fresh begins the never-ending tale,
Earth's marvel, life's increase, love's potency.
Thou, little one, wilt count the starry skies
Though now thou scarcely seest thy hands of silk ;
For thee the Ocean tides shall fall and rise ;
To-day thine only care is flow of milk
Unto thy mother's breasts. Some day again,
Weary of wisdom and philosophy,
A woman's breast shall ease thee of thy pain,
A woman's love mother a child for thee.

The World rolls on, still seeking what is best ;
The babe still finds it—at his mother's breast.

To a Mother



HIS beauteous happiness of baby-life,
Grown from thy loving essence, comes to thee,
And all the world with joy and hope is rife.

The future, present, past—eternity—
Merge in this sweet wee being. All we are,
And were, and will be, centres now in her.
For her the earth bears fruit, and every star
Peeps from its height, its deep faith to aver
In baby-life, brought forth anew to-day ;
For Cosmos in new-birth still finds its joy.
“Creation is all one,” the star-worlds say ;
The miracle of birth shall never cloy.

“Creation is all one,” the star-worlds say ;
Each birth is Nature’s happy holiday.

To all Mothers



HE mother hath essential sacredness,
 Whatever her condition or degree ;
 Repaying birth by birth in mortal stress,
 Her mite she gives unto eternity.
 Be she the source of many a healthy child,
 Or one ; or of rough louts or weaklings cherished,
 Be she or wise or unwise, stern or mild
 Or blindly foolish, still her sap hath nourished
 Infinite fate with infinite devotion ;
 Life's vehicle, e'en though her eyes be bound
 And her hands tied ; kindling our tense emotion,
 And with our wreath of thorns and lilies crowned.

"Life and more life," cries Earth, "life overflowing."
 Responsively the mother-heart is glowing.

Ebb and flow



MAN hath a thousand ways in which to slay,
 Yet Motherhood repairs the waste of all ;
 Man kills for pomp or folly, lust, hate, play,
 For every twisted passion of the fall,
 And Motherhood must still the waste repair.
 Commerce, peace, leisure, equally can kill,
 And Woman of Man's death hath caused her share ;
 All causes join, Death's harvest to fulfil.
 But Cupid comes, with lissom double bow ;
 His merciless keen dart he makes us taste ;
 Love's poignant pangs lay slothful pleasure low,
 And busy motherhood repairs all waste.

The gods of Death brag boldly on their course,
 Yet little feeble Cupid hath more force.

The Child



F Earth had ne'er a child, men would despair.
 Not only would endeavour lose its goal,
 And Earth the loveliest thing that breathes
 the air ;

Greatest of all the loss unto the soul.
 It is the child who teaches us to know,
 By its great innocence and trifling sin,
 How lovable is Man. However low
 Man falls, the image of the child within
 Bids pause our condemnation ; for him, too,
 A mother suffered, wept, rejoiced and strove.
 His wanton sins himself the most shall rue ;
 His greatest need is still the need of love.

Unto the child to teach us it is given
 How we ourselves partake the grace of Heaven.

XLIV


My Babies



DEARER than rest, wherein each tired nerve glows ;
Dearer than mighty hills or salty sea ;
Dearer than music's haunting after-close ;
Dearer than all, my babies unto me.
Dearer than e'en thy kisses' rhythm, deep ;
Dearer than e'en thy message when afar ;
Dearer than e'en thine eyes, in mellow sleep ;
Dearer than all, our merry babies are.
All that I have of good, may they inherit ;
All that I have of bad, may they set right ;
All I have sought and failed in, may they bear it
Up to where Triumph shines in starry height.

Transcendent glimpses of Eternity,
Babies who play about their father's knee.

Justification

“ND next whom will you sit ?” the mother said
 The night before the party was to be.
 Her eight-year-old boy raised his pretty head :
 “Next the most loneliest, Mummy dear,” said he.
 God bless thee, little boy, who knows so well
 By loving instinct, all we need to know.
 If in the future Heaven awaits, or Hell,
 Still by thy side I'd be content to go,
 Face any judgment, bow to any law,
 For all my grievous sins suffer, atone,
 Admit my littleness before God's Awe
 And just put one plea forward, one alone :—
 “That boy was mine, who said with so much grace
 “By the most loneliest, Mummy, be my place.”

Child Wonder



HE wonder of the child may I still keep ;
 His hope, faith, gaiety, surprise and love ;
 Laugh as he laughs, and as he weepeth weep ;
 His purity of heart, all gifts above,
 Strive I to hold as long as I have breath.
 Thus may I live by his example bright,
 And sleep at last on th' mother-breast of Death
 With a tired sigh, as one who fears not night.
 O, dear-loved child, that all prevading Force
 That made the awe-swept mystery of the womb
 And set thy merry blood in sweet, pure course,
 Guideth aright our mortal birth, life, doom.

Lo, in this faith and joy, with praise and prayer,
 I kiss my little darling's golden hair.

LIFE'S FAITH

XLVII

The Twofold Life



TENSE, pent passion of the nightingale,
Throb upon throb, brave dreams made living
song,

Thus in the night may burning thoughts assail

Our womb-like spirits with enforcement strong.

But when the sun shines brightly o'er the meads,

The skylark, with rapt voice of ecstasy,

Hymns the delights of daily hopes and needs,

Th' eternal joy of life's mad mystery.

O singers twain, to you I ever hark,

Life's double aspect richly ye recite ;

Superb strong moody passion of the dark,


Grand restless ceaseless energy of the light.

The babe sucks at two breasts, lovely at each ;

Sing, birds ; suck, babes ; I ponder what ye teach.

XLVIII

Is Life Enough ?

“UR life is not enough, nor could be, ever.”
Such is the cry the striving spirit makes
In restless dreams of searching, high endeavour.

Then straightway on the world the spirit wakes
And with superb activities makes way,

Destroying and renewing and destroying ;
Gaining new dreams each night, new light each day,
Cloyed with the world, with striving never cloying.
A noble discontent is still the sign

Of Man's unceasing fight for betterment ;
Yet, having that, we still will not resign
The splendid force of our superb content.

He who knows one mood only, nothing knows ;
God gave a wealth of petals to the rose.

XLIX

Not Sinless, We



NOT gilded butterflies, to sun our wings
In a tame perfect world ; not passion-free,
Not sinless, not all good. Our primal springs
Of action blend much good, much evil ; we
Are not with known years numbered, nor are come
From one seed only : in our blood still rife
The blood of things with fangs. We are the sum
Of all Earth's vast experiments in life.
Our mem'ries date from prehistoric days ;
There countless myriads of impressions jostle ;
We are their sublimate, and know the ways
Whereby fierce brute becomes divine apostle.

Not one of our blood's heirlooms can we spare ;
Not less, but more sense-fulness be our share.

L

Understanding



LE search into the life which all men lead,
Its fervour, frenzy, folly, love and hate,
Its hours of baseness, yet its daily need

Of something higher than the highest state
The soul attains to ; patiently we learn

The blackest and the whitest truths to know
About our kin ; and from these truths discern

The brotherhood betwixt the high and low,
The vital promise that each human life

Breathes forth as truly as we know it lives ;
Till the whole trend of our blind earthly strife

Clears to our eager dream-sight, ay, and gives
Assurance that the seers tell aright :—

The Fate of Man climbs slowly up the height.

Life is Enough



INGED in by boundless possibilities,
 With glad, full hearts we cry "Life is enough"
 Each day is full of opportunities ;

In each encouragement and each rebuff
 We find our striving gains an added zest.

The old hath still a friendly, well-known face ;
 The spell remains of that which once hath blest ;

The New still finds its own inspiring place.
 The round of life is joyous ; every sun

Doth rise upon a world both old and new ;
 The thing to do ; the thing that's doing, done ;
 The energy, life, hope of me and you.

Man is still made of sound courageous stuff ;
 His glowing veins still sing "Life is enough."

All Pervading Poetry



HE living soil of life is fertilised
 By sunshine of Man's joy, rain of his tears
 No spot so bare but what some soul hath
 prized

Its hidden secret, blent with hopes and fears.
 Each throb of life's a seed of the sublime ;
 Thus with a poet's colour fervent glows
 Each act, small, large, Christ-cross or Judas-crime.

For every thrilling charm a lover knows
 He finds at once a second and a third.

The beauty of the wild-rose is complete ;
 But see, its juicy hips feed many a bird,

New seeds grow warm within their entrails sweet

Not the eyes only, but the soul doth see ;
 The commonest things are filled with poetry.

Dreams



DREAMS that out-speed the patient pace of life
 Tell us the tale of wider life to come ;
 High-visioned Man, in his keen, restless strife
 Ever extends his power and wisdom's sum.
 Our nature is too large for our estate ;
 Slowly the flesh moves, swift the spirit dances ;
 In dream-life we escape our mortal fate
 And then return to live, with brightened glances
 And freshened strength, the life of every day.
 Full many dreams come true in our own time ;
 And many more when Death hath calmed our clay ;
 And many more wait till their hour shall chime.

 God's Universe hath Life close packed and teeming ;
 Life ; fertile life ; prophetic life of dreaming.

Religion



FAITH, faith to the full, we know not how or why,
 Except that life is all made up of faith
 That glows, world-lustrous, from the Starry sky ;
 The planets all obey, the heart obey'th.
 Faith, faith to the full ; because the mountain-peak
 Utters grand messages to headlong clouds ;
 Because lake, woodland, sea, in splendour speak,
 And dead men's mouths so calmly kiss their shrouds ;
 Because all women's breasts are richly dight
 With faith and music, love and constancy ;
 The infant smiles when he doth see the light ;
 All great things give us joy, right graciously.

Life's meaning, faith's full word, I do not know ;
 I know the life and faith with which I glow.

Joy



HE blood is liquid joy that bathes the brain,
 Warming and gaining warmth from sense and soul.
 The game of life, whether we lose or gain,
 Is all superb ; accept it, frankly, whole,
 Subtract no part, but revel to the full
 In its completeness ; scum and sin have place ;
 Out of manure grow roses ; Nature's rule
 Doth not despise or cavil ; our full grace,
 Our manhood, womanhood, our weakness, force,
 Love, failure, happiness, our drama keen
 Lives in the fullness of our life's fierce course,
 In our whole selves, the seen and the unseen.

GOD hath ordained you, Manhood, Womanhood ;
 JOY is your birth-right ; Life is full and good.

Pantheism



IFE is stark full of beauty and of force ;
 Its throb and ecstasy are from that Power
 Which fills the wondrous All, and holds its

course

Majestic in the planets, sweet in the flower.
 All Nature is akin. Though we may be
 Mere breaths of Her immense and awful Will,
 Yet moulded straight from God-touched clay are we
 Who compass so much good and so much ill,
 So strong and weak and wilful and sublime.
 Thus in the Blend Supreme we have our part ;
 The shadow of God's truth ; the toy of time ;
 And yet the God-pulse beats with our weak heart.

Almighty God of all things ! May we see
 Forever our full harmony with Thee !

LIFE IS ENOUGH.

POSTLUDE.

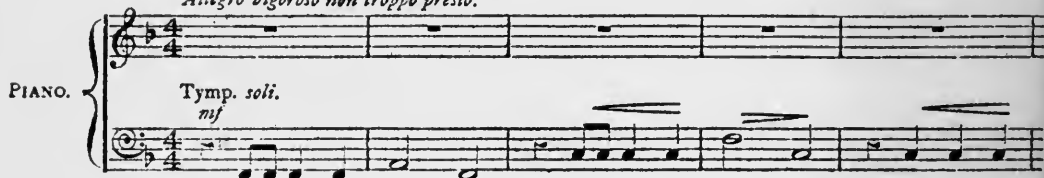
"LIFE IS ENOUGH."

NOTE.—This is designed so that it can immediately follow the Prelude, the two then forming a consistent whole.

Allegro vigoroso non troppo presto.

PIANO.

Tymp. soli.
mf



Wind.

f *dim.*



Fl.

p *cres. poco.* *dim.*

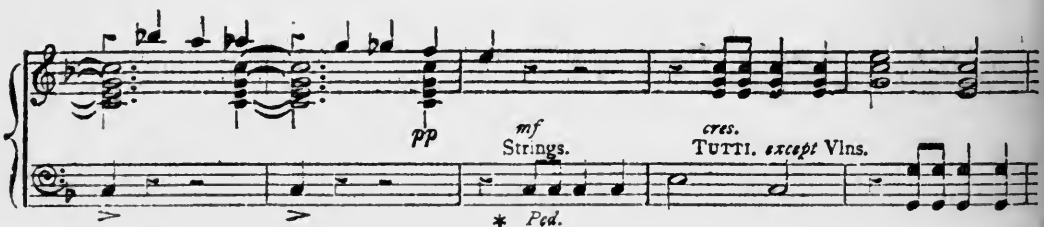
Ped.



pp *mf* *cres.*

Strings. TUTTI. except Vlns.

* Ped.



dim

p **TUTTI.**

Ped.

f sempre.

Wind.

Ped. Brass.

TUTTI.

Wind.

Brass.

Fed. 3

Strings.

Bassoon.

p all. poco.

Tymp.

Notes in brackets may be omitted with a view to simplification.

a tempo.
legatissimo, con molto sentimento.

p Notes sustained by Vlns. divisi.
Clar. solo.

Ped. to sustain. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

* *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

pp molto espres. *p a tempo.* *cres. poco.*
poco rall.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

p subito.
Horns, Bsn.

Sva.....
Flute.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

Sva.....

Picc. pp

Bsns., Oboes, Viola solo.

* *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

8va.....

*pp molto espres.
poco rall.*

*a tempo.
cres. poco.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

8va.....

cres. poco.

mf cres. poco a poco.

loco.

Vln. *Clar.*

Tymp.

f

f molto vigoroso.

TUTTI.

f

rall. e dim. poco.

Sra...

ff a tempo.

Sra... *loco.*

f sempre.

con Svi...

Sra...

Sia..... loco. *Sia loco.* *rall.*

sf dim. *p* *pp* *ppp* *ppp*

Tempo moderato.
Oboe.

p Con sentimento. Horn.

Wind.

p *rall. poco.*

Ped. *** *Ped.* ***

Tempo primo.

p

Ped. *** *Ped.* *Tymp.* *** *Ped.* ***

p *mp cres.* *cres.*

Brass.

TUTTI. *f sempre.* *Ped.* *L.H.* *Wind.* *Brass.* *Ped.*

Vlns. **TUTTI.** *Ped.* *Sva.*

loco. *R.H.* *L.H.* *mf subito con molto sostenuto.* *f* *Pedal to sustain.* ** Ped.*

f ** Pedal to sustain.* ** Ped.*

4 'Celli Soli, with Basses.
mp con espres.

Handwritten musical score for 4 'Celli Soli, with Basses. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. Pedal markings include 'Pedal to sustain.' and '* Ped.' with asterisks. A 'R.H.' marking is present above the second staff.

R.H.

Pedal to sustain. * Ped.

Handwritten musical score for 4 'Celli Soli, with Basses. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. Pedal markings include '* Ped.' with asterisks.

* Ped. * Ped. *

Handwritten musical score for Oboes with 'Celli. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. Pedal markings include 'Ped.', '* Ped.', and '*'. Performance instructions include 'pp molto espres. poco rall.' and 'ppp rall. ad lib. molto espres.'.

Oboes with 'Celli.

pp molto espres. poco rall. ppp rall. ad lib. molto espres.

Ped. * Ped. *

Handwritten musical score for Flutes, L.H. Clar. & Strgs. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. Pedal markings include 'Ped.', '* Ped.', and '*'. Performance instructions include 'p a tempo.' and 'L.H. Clar. & Strgs.'.

Flutes.

p a tempo. L.H. Clar. & Strgs.

Ped. * Ped. *

Handwritten musical score for Flutes, L.H. Clar. & Strgs. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. Pedal markings include 'Ped.', '* Ped.', and '*'. Performance instructions include 'p a tempo.' and 'L.H. Clar. & Strgs.'.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

802

pp poco rall. *p a tempo.*

* *Ped.* * *Ped.*

803 *Loc. Wind.*

cres. poco. * *pizz. p leggiero e rall.*

a tempo. Flute solo.

pizz. Horns. pp misterioso. cresc. poco.

rall. molto. *Tymp. solo.*

accel. e cres. molto. *Wind & Horns. TUTTI. f ff*

*Ped. 8 **

The Orchestral score of this Postlude may be borrowed from the Composer.



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